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JEFFREY NUNAN,
Editor and Proprietor.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative, which we find in an exchange, purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of resisting a mother's love and counsel. It is new to us, though it may not be to all our readers; but its teachings are so excellent as to make it worthy of frequent publication and perusal:

What agony was visible on my mother's face when all that she said and suffered failed to move me? I rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," said she. "Go my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I. She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly:

"Certainly you will Alfred! I command you."

"I will not!" said I; "you can't get me up stairs."

"One of two things you must do, Alfred: either go to school this morning, or I will lock you up in your room and keep you there until you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it," said I; "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred choose now," said my mother. She laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I in a fearful rage. God knows I knew not what I said!

"Will you go Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but I quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—"oh my son hear me,"—I raised my foot and kicked her with my sainted mother! How my head reels, as the torment of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother a feeble woman my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.

"Oh Heavenly Father!" she cried, "forgive him he knows not what does!" The gardeners then passed the door and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, she beckoned him to come in.

"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his own room," said she and turned off from me, it was a look of agony mingled with the intensest love it was the last unutterable pang from the heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner on my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window but I felt that I was already to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued but my stubbornness rose in an instant and bade me not yield yet. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on my bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard footsteps approach the door. It was my sister.

"What shall I tell mother for you?" she said.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh Alfred! for my sake for all our sakes say that you are sorry let me tell mother you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself upon the bed to pass a wretched and fearful night. Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me.

"Alfred my son, shall I come in?" she asked.

I cannot tell what incoherence operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my heart and I longed to throw myself upon her neck; but I did not. My words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back but I did not.

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly and my sister stood by my bedside.

"Get up Alfred. Don't wait a minute! get up and come with me. Mother is dying."

"I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale as marble lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; and rising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room."

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bedside here. I could not weep. My heart burned within my bosom my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a motion of mother's hand her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not her speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words.

"Mother, mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me."

She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me and lifted her thin, white hands she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upwards. She moved her lips in prayer and she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth has left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

The last steamer from Australia—advice by which we receive via Panama—brings full particulars of the attempted assassination of Prince Alfred of England. The Sydney correspondent of the Panama Star and Herald under date of April 1st, gives the following account of the affair: As a sailor, His Royal Highness has taken much interest during his stay in Sydney in the Sailor's Home. The directors of that institution thought that an opportunity was offered of clearing off its old debts by giving some entertainment during the Prince's visit, and he readily granted his patronage. A picnic was decided upon. Six steamers conveyed the guests to Clontarf; and to give eclat to the occasion, 25 yachts, belonging to the Royal Sydney and Prince Albert Yacht Squadrons, went down anchored in lines off Clontarf and dressed ship. About 1 o'clock His Royal Highness, accompanied by His Excellency the Earl of Belmore, the Countess of Belmore, Viscount Newry, the Hon. Elliot Yorke, Miss Gladstone, Capt. Beresford, Mr. Toulmin and Lieut. Haig, left Sydney in the fairy steam yacht, arrived off Clontarf about 2 P.M. The party entered the luncheon tent, and after partaking of refreshments, His Royal Highness, the Countess of Belmore, and Sir William Manning proceeded toward the royal marquee, where her ladyship remained. The Prince and Sir William Manning then walked across the green towards where the Galatea band were stationed; and, when about 50 yards from the band, the assassin, whose name is O'Farrell, walked out from under the trees which fringe the beach of the scene of the festivities and advanced at a right angle to the Prince. On getting behind him he turned sharply round, drew a Springfield company's revolver, and with the muzzle of it almost touching the Prince's back, fired at his spine. The bullet passed through the center seam of his coat through the center of his braces, entered his back about half an inch from the junction of the ninth rib and the vertebrae, then clanking obliquely off the bone, traversed the rib round to about two inches under the breast bone and there lodged. The Prince's lower limbs were at once paralyzed, and he fell to the ground, exclaiming, "Oh God! He has broken my back." Sir William Manning hearing the report, bled him turned sharply round and as he did so the assassin shouted "Stand back," covered him with his revolver, and snapped the cap. Fortunately the pistol missed fire, and before he could again fire, a coachbuilder, named Vial, rushed on the ruffian and clapped him round the body. O'Farrell then attempted to shoot Mr. Vial, and a desperate struggle ensued. O'Farrell tried to shoot the Prince as he lay on the ground, but his aim was thwarted by Vial striking down the pistol, and the Prince, went through the foot of a merchant named Thorne. In another second O'Farrell was surrounded and nearly torn to pieces. The police would never have taken him off the ground alive but for Lord Newry having brought the Galatea's men to help them. Again and again the people forced a passage through the police and tried to drag him away, until at last every shred of clothing was torn from the wretch. The police still faced the crowd, but retreating toward the steamer's wharf, along which O'Farrell was dragged on board the steamer Pater-dock, the plank was thrown overboard, thus severing communication with the shore, and the steamer moved away. By this time several hundreds, whose first thoughts were for the Prince, after hearing that the wound was not mortal, swelled the cry for vengeance, and, rushing to the wharf, demanded of the captain, to bring the steamer alongside. The crew of the vessel already made an attempt to run the assassin to the masthead, but were prevented by the police, and it required all the au-

thority of the Hon. John Hay and others, to prevent the vessel being taken back, the people allowed to come on board, and O'Farrell left to his fate.

The scene round the Prince's marquee was something fearful, number of ladies were to be seen fainting and in hysterics; men of whom no amount of danger could terrify, with faces white with rage, but not through fear, asked, "What will they say in England?" "Oh, if he should die, what will his mother say?" and other exclamations of similar character. About 200 people joined hands and formed a cordon round the tent in which the sufferer lay, attended by Dr. Watson, of H. M. S. Challenger, and several medical gentlemen residents of this city. The Fairy was despatched to Sydney to prepare for the Prince's reception, and soon afterwards he was borne from the tent to the Morpeth, the people forming a lane through which the melancholy procession passed, while the tear-dimmed eyes of ladies and the uncovered heads and sad demeanor of the other sex testified that the physical pain which the young Prince suffered was not deeper than the anguish they felt. When the Morpeth arrived off Farm Cove, the Galatea's barge came alongside, and the Prince was tenderly lowered into it. The boat pulled slowly to the landing place, and from thence the Prince was borne to the government house, where Dr. Young of H. M. S. Galatea, was in waiting and, together with Drs. Watson and Powell, did all that professional skill could suggest to alleviate the pain which the Prince was suffering. When the news first arrived in Sydney it was generally disbelieved; even in Parliament, which was then sitting, the members required it to be substantiated by the police authorities before they received credence. The House immediately adjourned. Foot and mounted police, armed were despatched to the circular wharf to prevent any outburst of popular feeling, and a nameless terror seemed to have spread over the city.

The Prince progressed favorably towards recovery, and on the 29th ultimo again appeared in public and was received with far greater public enthusiasm than on his first arrival. He is now able to attend to his duties, and has got his ship ready to sail, and if the Panama mail arrives before Saturday next, will then leave for England direct via Cape Horn. If the Maturra is not then in he will leave on the day following her arrival.

The monster who, through the Prince committed so foul an outrage upon the people of this colony, is named H. J. O'Farrell, and an Irishman by birth. His father is an old colonist of Victoria, and kept a butchery in Melbourne for many years. P. J. O'Farrell, the prisoner's brother, was at one time a Melbourne solicitor in large practice, one of the most prominent members of the Roman Catholic Church, and legal adviser to Bishop Gould, but absconded leaving not a very honest reputation. H. J. O'Farrell, who now awaits the behests of the law, is about 33 years of age, stands about 5 feet 10 inches in height, hair light brown, whiskers and mustache a shade darker.

Washington, May 23.—General Grant was serenaded last evening. After the band had played "Hail to the Chief" Grant appeared at the door of his residence. In response to loud calls, Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, introduced the General to the crowd. General Grant said: "Gentlemen—Being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, and without a desire to cultivate that power it is impossible for me to find language to thank you for this demonstration. All that I can say is, that to whatever position I may be called by you, I will endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my recollection in the performance of public duties, you will have to judge for yourselves, by my record of the past."

Three cheers were then given for Grant. Hundreds entered the house and congratulated him. The procession moved to the residence of Speaker Colfax, who appeared in response to calls, and was introduced by Mr. Pike, of Maine. Mr. Colfax made a short speech, congratulating them on the auspicious opening of the campaign, paying a high tribute to Grant, and warmly endorsing the platform. He concluded by predicting a complete victory in November, and a return to peace and prosperity which should eclipse the most brilliant annals of the past.

A despatch dated Lakeport, May 28th, says that Mr. Chapman, of Chapman's Hotel, Lakeport, was shot in the abdomen yesterday by a Mr. Hinkly, and died to-day. The murderer is locked up, and will stand a good chance to pull hemp.

The Cleveland Leader, of May 4th, tells the following:—One of the happiest men that ever journeyed a hundred miles from Michigan took the Toledo express on Saturday, at Fremont, bound for Toledo and his home in Michigan. He told a strange story, of which the following is the substance: Some weeks since, while at home in Michigan, he retired to rest after a hard day's work, and falling asleep dreamt a dream. He appeared to have taken a long journey from "home," where he had been located for ten years, and had scarcely lost sight of it, and where he had lived "a happy old life," and never thought of matrimony, although the fair Michiganers, who resided in his neighborhood had used their best endeavors to induce him to make proposals for their hands and hearts, which they were prepared to accept after the usual amount of hesitation. But our friend was as blind and oblivious to their advances as a miser to a charitable petition; had no more idea of matrimony, to use his own expression, than a Hotentot. And so feeling, he tumbled into bed, and, as we said before, was soon in the land of dreams.

In that dream a vision appeared unto him. He arrived at a place in Ohio, which was called Fremont. It appeared that soon after his arrival in that place he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, and that after a short but happy courtship, he married her and returned to his home in Michigan, where he became wealthy, lived happily, and raised a numerous family of children, and in time trotted his grandchild upon his knee. He then awoke in broad daylight, and his mother was at his door calling him down to breakfast. At the breakfast table he related his dream to the old lady, and she was deeply impressed by it. He told her it was his intention to at once seek out the beautiful creature of whom he had dreamt, and the old lady, believing there was a special providence in it, and being also a firm believer in dreams, advised him all means to go and find her if he could, and if he couldn't find her to bring back an Ohio girl anyway. "For you know," said she, "the Ohio girls are right smart." So John packed up his little wardrobe and took the first train out for Ohio, and lost no time in reaching Fremont. When he arrived at that place he was surprised to discover that the sign at the depot, containing the name of the place was an exact duplicate of the one he had seen in his dream, and that the depot building and general appearance of the place corresponded exactly with his vision. He put up at the Kepler House and began his search. For two or three days he was unsuccessful, but finally, just before he was on the point of returning home he came face to face with a maiden at the postoffice. "This she," said he, to himself, and then he walked up manfully and told her his story, his dream, and of his place in Michigan, and frankly asked her to share his lot with him. She said something apologetic, and then she would rather wait a few days before giving an answer; but he was determined to have it there and then, and she finally said she was all his own. He accompanied her to her home, and that evening he told her fond parents all about it. And they pronounced it good. The day following they were married, and at once commenced their journey Michiganward. The man was a fine looking fellow, and so happy that he could scarcely contain himself. He protested roundly that it was the woman he saw in his dream that he met and married, and that all from first to last, had been exactly as he pictured in his dream. The lady was a pleasing appearing, comely looking lady, a few years younger than the man, and seemed to be a brim full of fun and to enjoy to novelty of the thing as much as her husband. Take them, all in all, they were well matched, and were doubtless made for each other. He said only one thing was lacking to make his happiness complete, and that was the fulfillment of the latter part of his dream. This is one of the most strange matrimonial affairs we have ever seen or read of, and doubt if it is equal has ever been seen in print. It is a proof that dreams ofttime foreshadow coming event. We often hear of men dreaming of sudden deaths, and dying, but we do not know of a case where the incidents and characters were depicted and fulfilled as in the present instance. If there is a parallel case on record we should like to hear it.

There is a couple in Cincinnati who have been engaged to be married for the past five years, but no time has occurred within that period when they were both out of prison at the same time.

Ireland is famed for the superiority of her breed of horses. With symmetry of limb they unite fleetness and endurance, in a very high degree. Buyers from all continental nations attend the fairs, and traffic is a staple commerce of the country. A home competition of Irish-bred racers is held annually at Punchestown, a district of the County Kildare peculiarly suited for testing their capabilities. The occasion is regarded as of national importance, and set apart as a national holiday. On the present occasion the interest was intensified by the announcement that the Prince and Princess of Wales would make it the occasion of meeting the populace and sharing their sport. The probability of a cold reception being accorded to them, or of violence being attempted, was generally discussed, and evidently the occasion awakened anxiety, not alone in Ireland, but at the Court and circles of St. James. The result is another triumph for the promoters of the visit. Not an incident occurred during the progress of the royal party through the country to mar its effect. A great part of the route from Dublin to the scene lay through country towns, villages, and by picturesque country roads. Along the latter, thousands of the peasantry collected from neighboring counties, lining the hedgerows and clustering in the gaps. They cheered with the greatest enthusiasm, and showed every mark of pleasure as the cortege passed along. In the towns triumphal arches, waving banners, and carefully-prepared addresses spoke a welcome. The gathering at the racecourse was very large, indeed; by road and rail, by every description of vehicle and on foot, for many hours a vast stream of "pure Hibernians" flowed on to the "Irish Derby." Representatives of every phase and position of Irish life were present, but the popular element predominated. The feeling of chivalry, which undoubtedly belongs to the Irish peasants, drew forth an enthusiastic reception for the Princess: feelings were stirred by respect for whom they have been long hearing—her amiable expression of countenance and evident enjoyment of the Irish enthusiasm, which was without her dress being liberally decorated with the national color, established her at once as a favorite. The English and the Irish organs of the Government are in ecstasies at the reception of their Royal Highnesses, hailing the manifestation as the outburst of natural loyalty to the constitution; but having carefully noted the popular feeling, I can confidently affirm that had the Prince of Wales come to Ireland unaccompanied by his wife, it would have proved a flat affair, and perhaps a very disagreeable trip for him. Hospitality is largely developed in the Irish character. Its expressions should not be mistaken. Even now, while its voice is loud as in the province of Leitrim, from the neighboring district of Connaught a hearing voice ascends. Agrarian outrages are rare there: twice within a fortnight has blood been spilled. The latest victim is a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace, Mr. Fethorston, a gentleman of extensive landed property, lately rendered himself unpopular with his tenantry by availing himself of the very defective land laws, and putting on the screw for increased rents. While driving home, yesterday, after witnessing the Royal reception, he was shot dead, and the assassin escaped behind a hedge. The Government has decided to offer a reward for his capture.

The Old "Guard," the MacMahons, under the command of General Cazeau, had their annual target excursion Sunday, at Sausalito. The MacMahons numbered over 100 men, rank and file, and presented a magnificent appearance. The were accompanied by the Garde Lafayette, who, in their costume of saffron pompiers and brass helmets, added greatly to the appearance of the scene. Preceded by Kidd's Band, the Guard and their guests proceeded to Vallejo street wharf, where they found three steamers awaiting coming. These were packed with men, women, and children, who were bound for the beautiful little valley across the Bay, to participate in the festivities of the day. The company and friends landed at the new wharf of the Sausalito and Humboldt Land Company. Shortly after landing, the MacMahons inaugurated the new grounds, where which they went in for target practice. A well-riddled target showed the efficiency with which the men used their muskets. A large platform had been erected and was tastefully decorated, on which numerous gay and happy couples joined in the dance, which was kept up during the entire afternoon. The picnic, in every respect, was a success.

The London Telegraph, of the 22d ult., gives the following particulars of this affair: A painful state of excitement was created last night by a rumor that an attempt had been made by Fenians to set Buckingham Palace on fire. Improbable as the story may appear, it was nevertheless founded upon an incident of a startling character. Her Majesty is not at present residing at the Palace, and no more than the usual number of soldiers are on duty there, while the Park is in the charge of the customary number of Police. Between 8 and 9 o'clock yesterday morning, the attention of the Police on duty near the Palace was attracted by the appearance of two suspicious-looking men. They loitered about the grounds in front of the building, passing and repassing repeatedly. One of the men had a basket in his hands, which, judging by the manner in which it was carried, must have contained something heavy. Both men were of the striking Irish-American type, made familiar to the English during the recent Fenian disturbances, both in this country and in Ireland. As it was quite dark, and the men could be examined closely when near the lamps, considerable difficulty existed in arriving at a definite conclusion respecting them. But their appearance was so far suspicious that it was wisely determined to arrest them. The men, who seemed astonished at being seized, resisted violently, but were soon overpowered, and eventually lodged in cells at the King street Police Station. An examination of the basket which one of them carried, fully justified the suspicions which had been excited, as it was found to contain a large quantity of Greek fire in a jar or bottle. "Sir Richard Mayne and one of the Commissioners of Police were at once communicated with, and the men were closely questioned. They, however, resolutely refused to give any account of themselves, so that at present the Police are without their names. The authorities at Scotland Yard attach great importance in this arrest. There is little doubt in the minds of the Police but that the intention of the two men was to set fire to the Palace. The prisoners will, in due course, be brought before a Magistrate.

The Richmond (Virginia) Enquirer tells this story: A piece of good fortune has recently fallen to one of our most estimable townswomen. During the war a soldier from Louisiana formed the acquaintance of one of Richmond's daughters. This acquaintance, formed by accident, soon ripened into an affection on the part of the young son of Mars which he could not suppress. His devotion was not reciprocated. The young soldier was so saddened by the rebuff that he lingered many months in one of the hospitals before he recovered. He was finally discharged, and in every battle sought death. In the meantime the lady was wooed by another soldier of the Southern army, yielded, and the parties were happily married. At length the war terminated, and the husband with tears in his eyes, told his wife that the honeymoon must have an interruption. He desired to visit his mother sister. Days and weeks passed by, but no tidings from the husband were received. Letters were written, but no answers came, and it was finally discovered that the husband had proved recreant to his trust, and that all his representations were false. From that day to this, the young wife, deserted by the man of her choice, has lived in quite and seclusion, rarely seeing company or appearing on the streets. On Wednesday last her surprise was unbought upon receiving a letter from Louisiana. It was penned by the administrator of the young man whose hand she had rejected during the war. He had never forgotten the object of adoration in Richmond, and on his dying bed bequeathed her, his entire estate, valued at \$13,700. She is requested to forward immediate direction as to what disposition shall be made of the property. The lady we learn, will leave at an early day to give personal attention to her interests in Louisiana.

The famous strawberry known as the "Trump de Grand" has been raised extensively this year by Mr. Pancoast, near Santa Clara. From a specimen box we should judge that the flavor of the fruit is superior to the more common varieties sold in this market, and the average size of the berries exceeds anything in this line that we have ever seen, save the Chile strawberry. The new variety is of a bright red color, and is said to be very prolific. It may be found at the Pacific Fruit Market.

The mortal remains of General McDougal were consigned to earth on Sunday. The attendance at the ceremonies was large, proving that time and absence had not weakened the respect esteem, and memory of the friends and acquaintance of the talented and noble hearted patriot. He was buried under the spices of Mt. Moriah Lodge of Masons, of which order he was and old and high-ranked member. Grace Church was filled with mourners, and the ceremonies were of the most touching description. In addition to the Masonic Brethren, the remains of the deceased were escorted to their last resting place by a large concourse of citizens who in life knew and esteemed the General for his many virtues and good qualities. His corpse was entombed in the Masonic Cemetery.

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One of the most shocking tragedies that has occurred in this city for many years, transpired yesterday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, in Baldwin Court, a small alley running off Folson street, between Main and Fremont. It appears that a man named Charles O'Neill was married to a second wife, Annie by name, and that for some time they had been living very unhappily together, and that some few months since they agreed to separate. In order to carry out this arrangement, he sold a piece of property, and divided the proceeds between them, and he took his departure for New York, taking his eldest boy with him. He returned on the Nebraska day before yesterday, and went back to the house where his wife was residing. That night they had a violent quarrel about the money that had been divided, which was renewed yesterday morning. It is said that at the time both were the influence of liquor. From words they came to blows, and he struck her a severe blow, which knocked her down and cut her head pretty severely. She got up again, and commenced to scuff with her husband, and at the same time backed out on the balcony in front of the house. Witnesses say that when there, O'Neill gave her a push which caused her to fall over the railing and strike her forehead on the pavement below, a distance of 12 feet. Parties ran to her assistance, but their efforts were of no avail, for the unfortunate woman was dead. When she was picked up and carried into the house again, blood began to flow from her ears, eyes, and mouth. It is supposed that her neck was broken by the fall. In the meantime, O'Neill's little boy ran to the Chief's Office and related what transpired. Captain Lees went down to the place, arrested O'Neill, and charged him with the murder of his wife. The body of the woman was taken to Muller's dead house, where an inquest will be held on Tuesday night. O'Neill denies the facts related, and says the first news of the death of his wife was when a neighbor came in and informed him. They have a boy about 13 years of age; and the prisoner has a daughter, who is a child of a former wife, and who is married.

About 11 o'clock Saturday night, an affray took place at the Montgomery House, on Mission street, near Second, in which a man named John Palmer was shot and, and it is feared mortally wounded. It appears that a man named Thomas Brookbanks has had some difficulty with his wife and that an action of divorce is pending in which she is plaintiff. It is also stated that some of the testimony in the case before the referee was damaging to Palmer. On this account, Brookbanks appears to have become jealous of Palmer, and determined to watch him. One statement of the affair, Saturday night, is to the following effect: Mrs. Brookbanks and several friends procured a quantity of strawberries and repaired to her room in the hotel to eat them. While there, Palmer returned from the theatre and Mrs. Brookbanks invited him into the room with the rest. He came in, and soon after Mrs. B. had occasion to go into the yard for water, and when returning she saw a man on the stoop in disguise, but whom she took to be her husband. She hurried to her room, entered, turned the key in the lock and remarked to the party that Brookbanks was in the house watching for her. In a little while she heard a noise in the hall and opened the door, when Brookbanks was seen rising from a stooping posture and presented a pistol at her. A man in the room, pulled her aside and the door opened, displaying to Brookbanks's view Palmer, seated on a sofa. He presented the weapon at him, but he sprang forward and clinched with Brookbanks, and a violent struggle ensued in the hall, in which Palmer was gaining the advantage. At this juncture Mr. Perkins, the proprietor of the house, hearing the noise, thought a burglar had been caught, and coming into the hall cried out, "Shoot the thief, shoot him!" At about the same instant the pistol was discharged, the ball taking effect in Palmer's abdomen. Brookbanks was immediately arrested and taken to the station house, where he is locked up to await the result of the injuries inflicted. At 11 P. M. to-day Mr. Palmer was quite comfortable and the physician thought there was a chance of his recovery. He is a single man and a carpenter by trade. Brookbanks is about 32 years of age and by occupation a gas-fitter. He is said to deny positively that he fired any pistol during the affray.

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IRISH NEWS

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

None of our subscribers can have their papers stopped until their dues for it are all paid up. This is a rule observed by all newspapers, and postmasters should note the fact for the benefit of parties ordering their papers discontinued.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli moved a vote of thanks to the Commander of the Abyssinian Expedition.

Hay Cutting in the Napa Valley has pretty generally commenced. The crop will be a moderately heavy one if not better than usual.

Of the 200 New England women who went to Washington Territory two years ago on a matrimonial venture, all but three have married. Better try it again.

A free school for girls was opened in the school house on the grounds of St. Mary's Catholic Church, on Tuesday morning. A boy's school will shortly be established under the auspices of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Raymond Member for Athol gave notice to the Government: "If the health of the Queen is such that it detains Her Majesty from London, will the Ministry advise abolition?" The question was ruled out of order.

Senator Henderson, of Missouri, (the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times says) is about to lead to the altar a Miss Mary Fort, who, the editor says, is the most beautiful of Washington belles—if indeed she may be called a Washington belle, her home having been at Saratoga Springs, New York. The distinguished Senator to whom she has given her hand is in his forty-second year, and is, therefore, I should judge, fifteen or eighteen years the senior of his affianced.

One of the Zouaves who recently went from Canada to join the Papal army, writing from Rome, says that if the Roman question was settled, the Canadians would not be called there to fight engagements, but would come back immediately. He says they get about 12 cents for five days service, and manage to increase that to about 15 cents per week by selling half their allowance of bread; but out of that they have to purchase polishing materials, writing, blacking, etc., and add very little to the pocket. "I am not presuming that with such income I am no millionaire, yet I am happy and contented."

We learn from the San Mateo Gazette of May 30th, that Rev. Father Dempsey is endeavoring to collect sufficient money to erect a church in Mayfield. Some \$400 are already subscribed, and subscribers and others are requested to hand in the amount subscribed, so as to commence the work.

Rev. Father Hayes is about erecting a neat church at Pescadero, San Mateo county. Already \$900 have been subscribed. The lot has been purchased and a portion of the timber is on the ground. Its construction will begin soon. The Building Committee consists of John Garrison, Treasurer; Alexander Moore, William Carr, Philippe E. Anns, James McCormick and John Nolan.

On last Thursday the church celebrated the institution of the Blessed Eucharist by the solemn feast of Corpus Christi. Thursday in Holy Week, as the anniversary of the Last Supper, had from an early age been set apart for a more especial veneration of the great Eucharistic Mystery; but as the penitential exercises of Lent had ill-assorted with the due celebration of so joyful a festival, the Pope in the 13th century, instituted the solemnity of Corpus Christi as the peculiar feast of the Blessed Sacrament. It is indeed preeminently the Feast of Joy, and in her service, her processions, the decorations of the altar, and her hymns, the Church testifies her exultation in the mystery which is the seal of God's love for man. No holy day is more universally or devoutly observed throughout the Catholic world.

Yesterday, at about 10 minutes before 12 o'clock, M., at the mill of Cammell, Dill & Co., on Bush street, near Mission, a most terrific accident occurred to N. G. Phelps, a mechanic, and a member of the House of Representatives. Eight-Hour League. Phelps is one of the hands in the mill, which has lately been put in running order, for the manufacture of doors and other materials for building purposes. While a circular saw was in motion, he went under a brace; and while there, in moving, raised his head against the saw, which instantly cut his skull to the brain; making a clean incision of about 2 inches in length. Strange to say he became unconscious, and walked a few paces before he fell, and in a few moments, was able to tell where he lived. He was at once removed, and received medical attention. At a late hour last night, he was in a condition to encourage hopes of his recovery.

Michael Barrett, convicted and hung for having participated in the Clerkenwell explosion, when about to receive his sentence, said:

In answer to the question why sentence should not be passed upon me, I have indeed, a great deal to say, but I do not intend to occupy much of your time, being fully conscious that no words of mine would alter your lordship's mind in this matter. Nevertheless I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without making a few remarks, as it is the only opportunity I shall have on this side of the grave of placing myself in the position in which I wish to stand before my fellow-men. In doing so, the prisoner continued to say, he would be obliged to expose the means to which recourse had been had to secure his conviction. He was not going to plead for mercy, although he was fully conscious of never having maliciously injured a human being in the world. Barrett then made a careful and thoughtful analysis of the evidence. He had to pause several times to repress his emotion. As to the price of pavers, Mullany, and his associates, he said this man pretended that he had gone to his house on the night of the explosion with his neck covered with black, as though it had been caused by gunpowder. The story he told bore nothing in the world but ridiculous fabrication upon the face of it. And then witnesses were called for the purpose of being said by her Majesty's Attorney General of England, of corroborating the evidence of this man Mullany, and every of these witnesses contradicted himself. The prisoner then referred to the evidence given by some of these witnesses as to the state of his beard and whiskers at the time in question, and repeated three times, in a most pathetic tone, "and this was her Majesty's Attorney General of England calls corroborative evidence, and upon which he seeks to take away my life!" The jury believed these witnesses, but he believed that there were very few people in England who could possibly come to the conclusion that they were speaking the truth.

The prisoner then said with regard to Mullany that he felt when mentioning his name as if he were inhaling the most dirty poison, and he would leave him in his own wretchedness and misery. He would obtain his liberty and save his wretched life at the cost of sacrificing everything that was dear to an honest and honorable mind. The prisoner then proceeded to say that he should like to say a few words in reference to the explosion at Clerkenwell. He knew it was useless for him to enter upon any protestation of innocence, being fully convinced that no declaration of his would alter his lordship in the course he was about to pursue. But this he would and could most solemnly declare that there was no one who more deplored the fatal consequences of the explosion than he did. He was not one who could find pleasure in the miseries of his fellow creatures. The prisoner next adverted to the Fenian organization, and remarked that it was ridiculous to think that such a body would send to Glasgow for a man to do this sort of work, according to Sir Richard Mayne and the Pall Mall Gazette, there existed in London 10,000 armed Fenians, and more especially was this the case when the person selected was one of no higher abilities than the humble individual who stood before them. He then said that as allusion had been made to the fact that his master had not been called to trial, that he was in his custody, he would state that the police had made inquiry, and had ascertained where he was employed, and they were aware of the fact. It was out of his power to bring witnesses from Glasgow; but when he was before the magistrate his solicitor informed him that there were some witnesses, but the magistrate declined to give him any assistance to produce them. He then said that he thought he had a good ground of complaint against the governor of Millbank prison, for sending a copy of his letter to the detective Captain McCall. After some observations upon the evidence given by that witness, he said that if he was to be deemed guilty of murder because he loved his country more than his life, then he was a murderer. If he could redress the wrongs of his beloved country he would willingly give up his life. Standing, as he did, on the brink of the grave, and about to enter another world, where he should be free from the tyranny of man where sorrow, he hoped, would cease, and where might would no longer overcome right, he declared that he was no murderer. (The prisoner was here a good deal affected, and paused); and, after a short delay.

The Lord Chief Justice inquired if he had anything more to say.

The prisoner went on—He had a few more words to say, that in the other land, where he hoped that justice would be administered to him, and he hoped for pardon and forgiveness, he should wish to continue to pray for poor unfortunate Ireland, and for the redemption of his unhappy country, that would ever be his most fervent wish. He added that he hoped his children would never cease from this endeavor until they had thrown off the yoke; until the freedom of their country was obtained or the extinction of their race should be complete. He wanted no petitions or demonstrations to have his life spared; he would never walk abroad with the brand of Cain upon him; he would rather go to the scaffold. He then said that he thanked his lordship for the attention with which he had listened to him, and he also thanked his very devoted and talented counsel, and Mr. Lewis, his solicitor, for the manner in which they had assisted him in his defence. He concluded by stating in an impressive manner that he hoped that God in his infinite mercy might the sacrifice of his humble life as a means of benefiting his unfortunate country, and he should mount the scaffold with confidence in this hope.

Barrett then said: "My lords, I have done."

Every man in court felt sympathy of some kind in Michael Barrett after this speech, and the in which it was delivered. Far superior in every respect to the men who stood at his side in the dock, he was the only victim. He impressed everybody with the conviction that whether or no he had been a party to the "gunpowder plot," he is by nature an unassuming, kind hearted and conscientious man. He was one of the best and most amiable faces I ever saw, and at the same time his

features sparkle with uncultivated intelligence. After some further remarks the Judge passed upon him the dread sentence of the law, and so ended the Clerkenwell trials.

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Postmasters have also been ordered to seize and confiscate the Irish Canadian, published in Toronto, the Irish American, the New York Emerald, and several other Fenian journals published in Buffalo and Chicago. The Irish Canadian is a weekly sheet, which its card informs us, is "printed and published every Wednesday morning, for the proprietors, by Bayly and Hyman, at the office No 37 Colborne street, entrance 'on Exchange Alley.' It is a Fenian sheet, perhaps not of the most radical, but certainly of the most devoted kind: the apologist and enologist of the notorious Mike Murphy, the upholder of martyrs to their country of the murderers of Coleman and Brett; and the defender of every assassination supposed to have been committed by the 'brotherhood,' which as yet has been brought to light. Its 'proprietors' are supposed to be the Hibernal Society of this city, of which the 'departed' Murphy was the former President, and whose chair Bayly, one of the printers, at present holds. Mr. McKenney, accompanied by a government detective, arrived here yesterday, and proceeding to the office of the paper there arrested Patrick Bayly, and James E. Hyman, under the Habeas Corpus suspension Act, at the same time taking possession of all the manuscript, papers, and documents found either in the office, or at the respective residences of the prisoners. These were all sealed up and despatched to the Government at Ottawa. Subsequently John Nolan, brother to the present Secretary of the Hibernal Society, and Owen Cosgrove, the grand marshal, were also arrested, the former by detective Sheehan, of our own police corps. Though these arrests were made very quietly, the report soon got abroad, and created quite a sensation and no little anxiety throughout the city. An attempt was made to send word across the wires to different quarters; but the telegraph was found to be in the hands of the government, and no messages of the kind were allowed to be transmitted. The wisdom of this precaution will be seen before long. Though we understand some of the documents found in the possession of the prisoners are of considerable importance as corroborative of the truth of the information of which the Executive is to a great extent in possession, it is feared that the most valuable portion of them were temporarily carried off. We are informed that the wife of one high in office in the society took passage by the Grand Trunk steamer for New York, and before she left the car by her husband, who did not himself leave, and having in her possession a carpetbag, which judging from its appearance and dimensions, contained books as well as clothing. At the time she was observed Mr. McKenney was in the city engaged in notifying the newspapers to the same effect as in Ottawa, and before he arrived at the Union depot the train had left. A description of the passenger was immediately telegraphed along the line to Stratford and other places; so that if the books of the Society have really been carried from Toronto in this bag, they are most likely in safe custody, by this time, where the lady in charge of them has been discovered. The four prisoners after a brief examination by the deputy were conveyed to jail, where they now remain, awaiting the action of the Executive. This morning Mr. McKenney left for the West, and will visit Galt and Sarina, at both of which places arrests will be made. It is believed that similar action has been taken in the Province of Quebec, and that Police Magistrates MacCure and Courcel in Quebec and Montreal received simultaneous instructions to take into custody several prominent members among the Hibernalists in both places.

The Memphis Leader says: On the passenger train on the Memphis and Louisville road, which left this city at 4 o'clock Tuesday evening, a most singular and distressing accident occurred about two miles south of McKenney Station, involving the death of H. B. Henning, a respectable citizen of Clinton, in this State and who was a passenger on the train. Mr. H., who in company with a number of friends, had taken passage from this place on the night in question, was in the sleeping coach attached to the train, occupying a single berth immediately over his companions. He had fallen into a sound sleep, and his friends had done likewise. But when the train was about two miles this side of McKenney, the conductor of the sleeping car noticed him rise from his berth, lower himself down to the passage and walk slowly to the front platform, when he was lost sight of. Some moments then elapsed, when Mr. Henning, who had gone out in his night clothes, falling to return to his berth the conductor became suspicious that something had happened to him, and went to the platform to investigate to matter. Neither nor elsewhere on the train was the gentleman to be found. His friends were aroused, and became exceedingly fearful that some accident had befallen him. The train was stopped and run back for a short distance, when all that was feared was suddenly realized in the spectacle that presented itself. The remains of the missing man lay across the track lifeless and frightfully torn and mangled. And then, for the first time flashed across the minds of those who were personally acquainted with the unfortunate man the recollection that he was a somnambulist, and in this state of mind he had probably walked off the platform—where he was last seen by the conductor—and fallen on the track, under the wheels of the last car of the train.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM NEVADA COUNTY.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1868.

EDITOR IRISH NEWS.—Perhaps you feel somewhat interested in learning some of the accidents and incidents pertaining to this remote country. Well, after being "cooped" up for the last four or five months, surrounded by from 15 to 18 feet of snow, but at last we resurrect, and become a part of the civilized and body politic of this universe.

Let some of your readers imagine being in a small valley, and have nothing visible in sight but mountains covered with snow, even the trees transformed into the inclement element.

Last winter last winter had suspended mining in this section, altogether; just now the miners are reopening their diggings, some few claims are under headway, and paying well. I shall mention a few of the most noted of them at some future time. There is quite an excitement here over a bloody affray that happened in Eureka South about 8 miles from here, resulting in the killing of Patrick Bohannon; and dangerously wounding of Mr. Reagan. The perpetrator of the atrocity was a James Smalley, it resulted from a game of cards. The deceased resided in your city a few years ago. He owned a store in Eureka, he leaves a wife and eight children to mourn his untimely end. I have read with regret an article in your paper headed: "What is in the wind," by "Junius Brothers." Happily you disclaim all such correspondence, three happy were it for writers of such articles, were they never to write them, for they throw an indelible brand of infamy on their memories through their sectionalism, and aid in indefinitely delaying their cause which all true Irishmen, whether one "wing" or the other, have in view, viz: The overthrow of the Anglo-saxon-Norman oligarchy on their native soil. But were the united organization of the Fenian Brotherhood concentrated under one "chief" or "head" they Savage, Roberts, or any other man's "wing," they would instill hope and courage into the hearts of their countrymen, all over the world that would be eventually irresistible. It is not the name of a party that we stickle for, but the principles thereof. Both "wings of the Brotherhood are acknowledged to have a universal zeal toward the main issue—the independence of Ireland. It then seems to an impartial observer to be a mere matter of dispute on the part of these divided councils of the F. B. My opinion is that one wing or the other can show any cause of such division but an irrational one, caused by hot-headed leaders, and on making their statements, each of the other like venomous reptiles, and by so doing gnawing the very vitals and hopes out of their countrymen in Ireland. The conduct and seeming patriotism of our State leaders in California predicted a united front and to avoid the vortex of discord which our brethren in the East underwent, some few, Brutus-like, smote the hand that exalted them. Now, Mr. Editor my opinion would be this—for the sake of harmony—that each wing of the F. B., in this State should relinquish a part of their pretensions, respectively, and become amicably united. For the purpose of settling disputes, appoint a committee from each wing, and arbitrate all difficulties. No doubt ninetenths of the people will demand some such arrangements, or their relations with the Fenian Brotherhood will soon cease. If patriotism were the sole motive as is incumbent on officers of the F. B., they would try and use all honorable means to have our young martyr's epitaph written in letters of Freedom's own choosing, in the following style:—"The Republic of United Ireland."

The leaders of both "wings" should adhere, in some degree, to the following lines of Pope:

Praise from a friend or censure from a foe
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

GALHIVACH.

Crystal Peak is fast being abandoned. The population are going with a rush to the new town of Reno.

Special Notices.

BEAUTY.—Nothing adds more to beauty than clean white teeth, healthy, rosy gums, and a sweet breath; on the contrary, the most beautiful face and rosy lips become repulsive if when the latter are opened exhibit the spectacle of neglected teeth. The continued use of any condiments, or articles containing any acid is injurious. The safest and most pleasant preparation, is Dr. Spencer's Fragrant Sapine, which makes the teeth beautifully white, and the breath as sweet as roses.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH are an ornament equally attractive to both sexes, and distinguishes the gentle from the slovenly lady or gentleman; but it is more especially to woman that fine teeth are necessary, as the most capricious before she enslaves the heart.

The daily use of Dr. Spencer's Fragrant Sapine of ground effect as well as the most pleasant toilet article for beautifying and preserving the teeth.

A CARD.

A report, that the well-known firm of R. SPARBORO, No. 531 Washington st., intended to remove to another locality, having gained ground during the last few days, and caused great surprise to his friends and to families in general, he would beg to state, that he is not so, and that he is altogether unaffiliated and that he can always be found at his well-known Store, No. 531 WASHINGTON STREET, where he is in the largest assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES always on hand at the lowest rates.

R. SPARBORO,
San Francisco, May 25, 1868.

On April 25th, William Garrett, of Greenville, S. C. was riding a five year old stallion in Laurens District, and on attempting to remount him jerked the bridle. This enraged the horse, which sprang at Mr. Garrett and bit him severely in the arm. A fight then began between the man and the furious horse, which succeeded in biting several pieces of flesh out of the side of his rider. The struggle continued for some time when the horse bit off two of Mr. Garrett's fingers and then threw him down, stamping on his chest four or five times as he lay on the ground. Mr. Garrett then managed to twist the bridle and halter around a small tree, and then crawl off a short way. He was found by a neighbor who was passing, and carried to the house of J. H. Jones. Medical aid was called in, but Mr. Garrett died the same night. The horse remained for hours in an enraged condition, and several means were obliged to be used before he could be even approached.

Last evening about a quarter past seven o'clock, Wm. Lurgan, aged eight years, was instantly killed by being run over by the hind wheels of Car No. 3, on the Lone Mountain route of the Central Railroad, near the corner of Hyde and Turk streets. There are no conductors on that route, the driver collecting fares for the trip from Lone Mountain to Turk street, and the driver of the car, Nathaniel Ford, had just stepped inside when the accident occurred. The boy was playing with others, and probably attempted to climb upon the forward steps, but missing them fell under the car, back of the forward wheels. His injuries were such as to cause instant death. No blame, so far as is known, attaches to the driver nevertheless, as a matter of precaution, officer Pierce arrested and procured a charge of manslaughter against him, which will detain him in custody or secure his appearance in case the Coroner's jury should find him to be in fault.

Springfield, Mass., May 25.—The recent rains raised the Connecticut River to a point higher than ever before this year. Several hundred Irish laborers, employed at the Rutland (Vermont) marble yards, lately struck for higher wages. The employers refused to comply, and sent to Canada and engaged 500 French Canadians, who have gone to work. This has greatly excited the Irish, and threats have been made to destroy the quarries. The authorities have made extensive preparations to suppress and demonstration that may occur.

Sunday afternoon, while the Jackson Dragoons were engaged in target practice at Camp Haight, one of the Company named Nunan had one of the toes shot off by the accidental discharge of a pistol held in the hand of his companion at his left. Yesterday morning ex-Police Officer Brown met with an accident on Pacific street, by which his right leg was broken. Brown was talking to some one in a stable and at the same time commenced to back out towards the door. He made a mistep, his right foot turned, and his leg was broken just above the ankle. He was conveyed to his home close by, where the fractured limb was set.

Between the 1st and 14th of June prox., the following companies will be mustered out of the service of the State as not coming up to the statutory requirements: New Alameda Cavalry, First Cavalry; Burnett Light Horse Guard, First Cavalry; Alvino Rifles, Fifth Battalion Infantry; Suisun Light Dragoons, First Cavalry, Napa Rangers, Alvarado Guard, Oakland Guard, Vallejo Rifles. On the other hand, the German Guard of San Francisco will be mustered in, as a part of the Second Infantry Regiment, on Thursday evening next.

In a certain family, not long since, twins made their appearance, and as a matter of course, were shown to their little sister of four years. Now, it so happened, that whenever a rather profligate one of them (of course the profligate) was saved, and the rest drowned. When the twins were shown by their happy father, little M. looked at them long and earnestly, and at length, putting her finger-tip on the cheek of one of them, looked up, and said, with all seriousness possible:—Papa, I think we'll save this one.

Buffalo, May 1st.—A terrible catastrophe occurred here to day, resulting in the death of 11 persons, the injury of others, and a heavy loss of property. As the propeller Governor Cushman, commanded by Captain H. W. Thompson, was moving out of the dock at about half past 10 this morning, her boiler exploded shattering the hull badly and making the vessel a total wreck. The explosion was terrible in its effect, shaking the buildings for several blocks adjacent to the locality at which the disaster occurred. Its force was so great that one of the deck hands was hurled over a Sturges elevator 150 ft. high.

The Rev. Dr. Punshon, Methodist Minister, who arrived the other day from England, according to the New York correspondent of the Chicago Times, has some other things to attend to besides addressing the May meetings. The writer says: "On losing his wife, not long since, he formed an attachment for her sister, but the laws of England do not permit marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and Dr. Punshon is deterred from wedlock. He accordingly proposes to take up his residence in this country long enough to secure citizenship and marriage with his wife's sister. This done, he then proposes to return to England."

Officers McCormick and A. W. Stone arrested three persons, on a charge of felony, by procuring a criminal abortion and causing miscarriage on the person of Elizabeth Loch. The victim of the alleged outrage is an orphan, of prepossessing appearance, and but fourteen and half years of age. The girl says that she does not recollect her parents, she being young to know them when they died, but that she was placed in the Orphan Asylum by her uncle. There she remained until some months ago, when her uncle took her out. She was then taken to a ranch, where one of the parties arrested resided, with his family. At this place, she was employed to do general housework. Shortly after her arrival, the wife of her employer took occasion to come to the city, to visit some friends. During the wife's absence, the husband managed to seduce her (Elizabeth), and she became enceinte. She informed the wife, on her return, of what had transpired, and a terrible scene ensued between her and her husband. Finally, he agreed to take the girl to town, for treatment. Upon coming here, he took her to the house of a family living on Folson street, where the girl now resides, and after several days called, gave some pretext for taking Elizabeth away for a few days, and conveyed her to a woman's hospital. On being asked what she wanted done for the girl, the party to whom he communicated his wishes took the girl into the house, where she remained over night, as also did her seducer, who was informed, next morning, that it was impossible for the necessary operation to be performed on the girl, there, but she could recommend a certain physician, and forthwith named one of the parties arrested. Elizabeth says that the Doctor performed an operation on her, and then he gave her a glass of "wine" after which she was returned to the house on Folson street. The next day after the operation, the girl was taken sick, and Dr. Burgess was called in. He pronounced her illness to have been caused by an abortion having been procured upon her. This being communicated to the gentleman in whose house she resided, he made a rigid inquiry about the matter, and the girl, after some hesitation, related what had transpired. When the girl recovered, he took her before the proper officials, and on making her statement, a warrant was issued for the arrest of the parties before referred to. They each gave bail in the sum of three thousand dollars and were set at liberty.

On the morning of the 29th of April last, on board the bark Jenny Prince, from San Juan del Sur for Honolulu, the dead body of a Swedish sailor, known as Bill Annis, was found lying on the hatch, and covered with a sail. The head was so terrible beaten that it was literally smashed to atoms, so much so, that it could not have been recognized as a part of a human being. As soon as the terrible deed was discovered, inquiry was made, which led to the discovery that the negro cook, named Heber Outerbridge, had committed the deed. Upon being charged with the crime he made a full confession. He said that he had been frequent difficulties between himself and deceased with regard to the food, and that deceased had accused him of telling tales to the Captain, and had threatened to kill him. On the night in question he saw Annis lying asleep on the hatches, and thinking this a good opportunity to put an end to his fears of injury from Annis's hands, took a large capstan bar, and beat out the sleeping man's brains. Outerbridge was brought from Honolulu on the United States steamer Luckwanna, accompanied by two sailors as witnesses. A preliminary examination was had before Commissioner Whitney, and the defendant was held to answer before the United States Grand Jury. The prisoner and witnesses are in custody awaiting its action.

The Grenada [Miss.] Sentinel of May 2d says: One of the most painful and heart-rending occurrences that it has been our misfortune to chronicle, happened at Coffeeville on Sunday last involving the death of a very interesting little girl, a child of Mr. Gunthart. His little daughter, nine years old, was in the kitchen with one of his neighbor's children about the same age, and on the same premises was a little negro boy about the same age as the children. The children, it seems, said something to the negro that insulted him, whereupon he threatened to shoot Mr. G's little daughter, and at the same time taking up a loaded gun which was in the kitchen, and discharged the contents in her forehead. The ball passed through the head and out at the back, killing the child instantly. The feud has been arrested to await trial before the criminal court.

A Lady Writes:—"Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try Dr. Spencer's Fragrant Sapine to remove a fretful breath, and the result was as pleasant, as the effect was marked, and I continue to use it to keep my breath sweet, and my teeth white and clean."

The Dentist.—If you have decayed teeth, get at once to a skilled dentist and have them put in good order; after which brush them daily with Dr. Spencer's Fragrant Sapine, and by so doing preserve the Teeth, and avoid the trouble with all its attending horrors. It is pleasant as it is effectual.

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